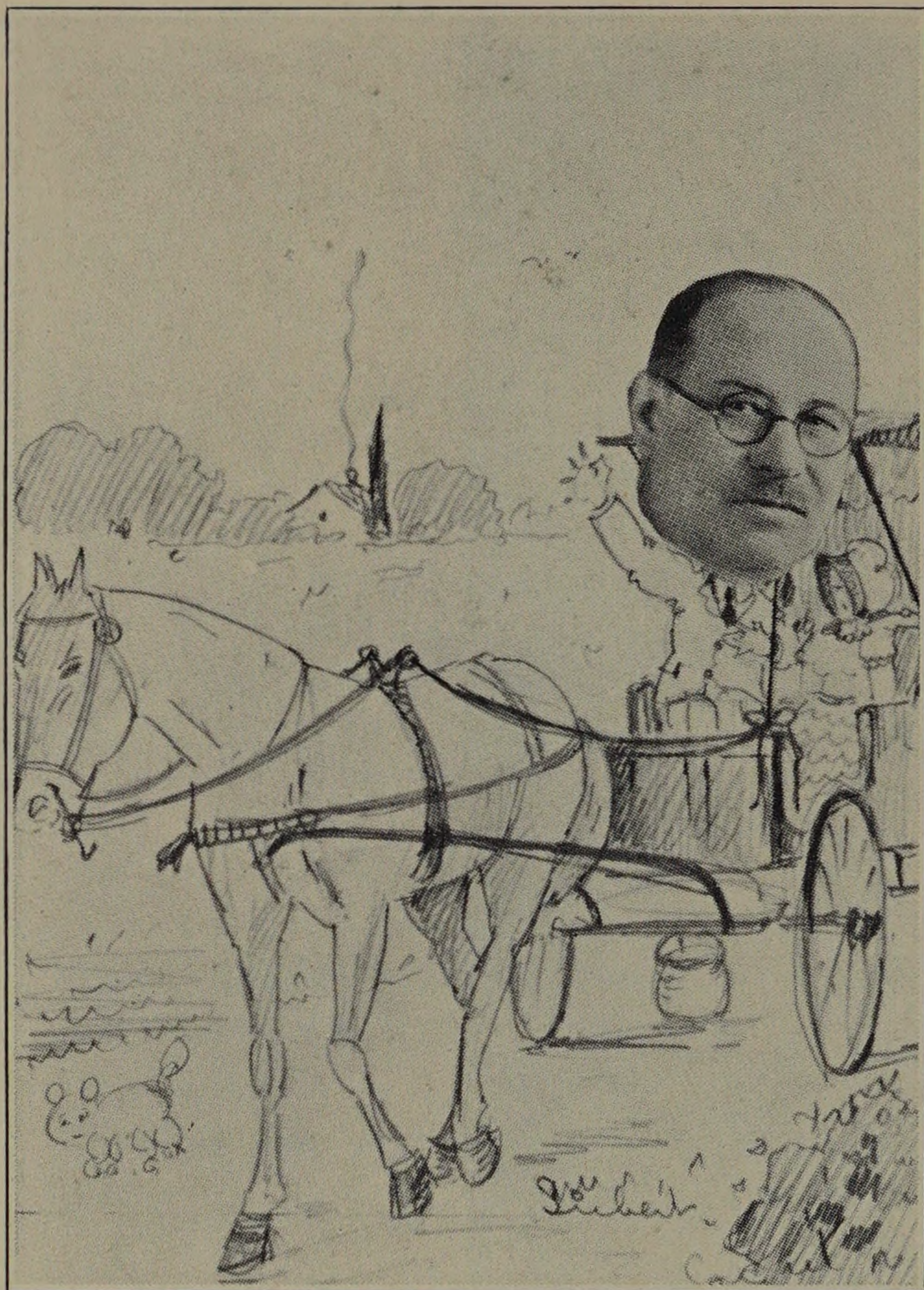


O U R P R E X Y



We were fortunate in securing this fine pastoral tin type for exclusive use of the Sickle. It is one that President Raymond cherishes, both for its sentimental value, and for its early associations. In beating the ARMOUR TECH NEWS to this scoop, we incurred the everlasting enmity of Johnny Hommes, who has been searching madly for weeks for a cut to use in his newspaper. Perhaps a little delving into the past will bring out phases of our president's life that have remained hidden for many years.

As a boy, he grew up on a Michigan farm, learning those invaluable pioneer lessons that have placed many a hay pitcher in a plush-lined chair. He early learned where the little red hen laid its

eggs and where the cowslips grew. A mother goose was a very interesting story, but it was also a thing to be avoided by bare-footed boys. He roamed the countryside, and with slingshot and air gun, garnered the treasures of the land. He attended the little country school down in the hollow, where readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic were taught by the plump Millicent Jones who boarded out at the Raymonds. Time after time, he was accused of being "teacher's pet" because he insisted on bringing her a rosy apple or a green peach.

And on Saturday night, with the milking finished and the cream set out in the spring house, the one horse buggy was pulled out, dusted off very carefully with a dirty piece of horse blanket, and Bess hitched to the shafts. Then it was a quiet jog down to Silas Higinbotham's farm to pick up Mary for a spin around the half-section. Prexy delights in telling of the advantages of a horse that knew the road, over the modern, soulless, gas-buggy that requires the undivided concentration of the driver to keep it on the asphalt. No one-handed driving then. With reins tied to the whip socket and both feet on the dash, a corn silk cigarette surreptitiously hid from parental sight, our young hayseed had the world before him and two hands to grab it.